May 70

(Holloway Hospital)

19/6/67 - Taplow opening

8/7/67 - the first DJ Agenda

Ulysses etc and (influences'

Captain Elias

L1970

① Sat. ~~April~~ May 2d

at Bethania Convent
12 Hornsey Lane
Highgate N. 6
London
England

Dearest Rene,

Thank you so much for your two letters, the second came this A.M. This again cannot be more than a mere note of acknowledgment — I'm, ~~not yet~~ for some reason, exhausted in mind as in body. But a bit better, I fancy. — as a few days ago I couldn't concentrate at all, not even to read a ~~book~~ — even if I wanted to.

Besides, odd writing on this wrong-shaped, non-~~foolscap~~ [illegible] paper, that I've used for so many years

Yes, this & the Harrow hospital etc would make perfect material for a Taplow account — but I can't rise to it ~~as~~ yet, anyway.

Can send only my love to you & Joan — & I much appreciated your description of the finches outside your window. Gold finches are heavenly — I saw some occasionally on the window at Northwick Lodge on the Hill. — but ~~to~~ have herons nesting so near is wonderful. They ~~have~~ are the most superb of birds. Do you remember the pair that in the evening came up the valley past Capel & then down again in the morning. I like the way they ~~[illegible]~~ fly with the necks & heads curved back — whereas geese & (I think) swans stretch

(2)

Incidentally my father's sister had a house in North Wales called Glâs Tir; in English, 'Glebe Land'. Now the tir is a mutation of dir which does correspond with one of the Irish words for 'Land', does nt it?

the heads & necks straight forward, equally impressive — but different.
There was a heron that used to come each evening to Helen S's peace in Northumberland. Apparently it nested in the reeds of the pond, (sorry, 'lake') in the grounds there.
Jolly nice, in your previous letter to have the proper Goidelic spelling of your address.
The misery is being cut off from all one's books — otherwise I might work out how it's pronounced.
Interesting how except in various 'root' forms such as Kil in Irish Celtic & Cil in Welsh-Celtic* the sounds are so different. Underneath, Celtic scholars recognize hundreds & hundreds, I suppose thousands of identical words, but hidden by centuries of differing usage as well as ~~phonetics~~ pronunciations. The main 'P', 'Q' distinction was I suppose very early — thus later cenn for head in Irish & Pen or penn for head in Welsh.
But in my bumbling amateurish reasonings, I ~~x~~ suddenly seen that a word used in Welsh for some person or object (perhaps rather archaic) is the same as the Irish word in general use for the thing or person — thus, ri for rex in Irish was used for a ruler in Wales, he was called a Rhi & continued to be used by

& means exactly the ~~thing~~ same thing: A religious foundation of some sort. Only in Wales there are 'nt many Cil — left because Llan an (enclosure) tended to replace cil early on.
That's why if you ask a Welshman what llan means he'll probably say 'church', because so many of the enclosed bits of land, were church land, but the word llan means seemingly 'land' as in English or German lant.

the poets, & coron still be used, but *rhi* gave way to *brenin* ~~before the~~ during the Anglo Saxon period – & *rhi* became a personal name – e.g. Rhys ap Gruffydd & hence the endless Reeses, Prices, Rhys's etc. of to-day. But it's all from some prehistoric common Celtic for *ri* meaning ruler or *rex*. And by a strange fortune the German *Reich* was also borrowed from *ri* when the Celtic tribes were more cultured in Europe than the Teutonic tribes were to soon become, say, ~~that~~ early in the first millennium B.C. or a bit later.

Was interested about Tom Barry, the Essex, Yorkshires, etc. It was an awful bloody business that 1920-1 affair & gets worse the more one gets details of it.

Just been reading or trying to, some English translations by Frank O'Connor of Irish fragments from earliest times to the 19th Cent. Nancy Saunders sent it to me. As Frank O'Connor himself says in a preface it is a *bit* more possible, for various

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reasons to render something of the Irish original than it is to translate from the Welsh — That has, so far, been impossible, or pretty much so — because the sound & the sense of the best Welsh stuff are virtually one.

Must shut up, Again, thank you for writing. & forgive this boring reply.

There's a marvellous view from my bed-room, down a garden & tall trees to the Lawn, — but it's nice to be higher up than I was in my room or in my room in Ham Hospital.

Harman came at two days ago — he & Margaret are off to Sark for a week to-morrow. We talked of you.

I am assisted by a nurse to move about, left foot first then right — & then you shove a metal thing called a 'walking-frame' in front of you & so proceed — it's snail's pace & one tends to lean to the left — I suppose because ~~[illegible]~~ it is left head of the femur that is made of bloody steel now. It's obviously going

to be a long job. I cannot yet imagine walking even with a bloody stick — but they tell me I shall without 'in the grounds' at first. But given that may be I must get my old black 1922 Great coat, & my ~~#~~ tweed cap with a pipe in the ~~h~~hatband of it.' With love dear Rene & to Joan

David

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UPPER HOLLOWAY
8 -PM
4 MAY
1970
N.19.

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